I have a good friend in Lord Spencer. We are in constant correspondence, and I have sent him some books.

News is come of the surrender of Mantua.[1] The other day, when the Directory sent an account of Bonaparte's victory to the five hundred, it was received with great coldness, and they passed to the order of the day.

I have seen Mentelli, the geographer, member of the Institute, who is lodged in the Louvre. He has a globe map so large that you can creep in to behold the heavenly movements.

I am to enter upon the business of my mission on the loth, having received an official note from my three co-operators; and high time it is for the poor prisoners, for frost and snow are set in with great severity, and numbers of them are in want of clothes and fuel. I hope soon to be able to

[1] The fall of this place leads me to think of the battle of Marengo, which followed it, and thence of an anecdote relative to the death of Dessaix. All the world has been given to understand that this brave soldier died with these remarkable words upon his lips: *"Allez dire au premier Consul, qu& je meurs avec U regret de ne pas avoir assez fait pour la patrie."* Now, it is affirmed, by an eye-witness, that all Dessaix really did say, on receiving his mortal wound, was *"Jesuis1*----------.

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Cambron, at Waterloo, is reported to have exclaimed, *"La garde meurt, mais ne se rend pas"*; an absurdity, when at that moment the guard was in full flight.